

BY J. DARR CHANDLER.


head, besides getting his hands scratched in his efforts to save himself, and getting mud enough on his clothes to make a flower-bed. He came in exhausted; but being served with "a hot cold" he revived sufficiently to thank his

Harry would get to Carriac-on-Saïr, and now there was no help for it. An offer to buy the railroad and retain the guard in his position gave us no relief. That long-suffering official only smiled amiably and said it was not his fault and he been Tom Gallagher, he would have given us a reply that would have been a loud-sneezing caution to evildoers.

"If we couldn't travel we could eat, and finding a very neat and trim little hotel with a good-looking and nicely-upholstered manager—Mr. Runge put on his never-known-to-fail smile, and said:

"Miss De Courceny, can you give us some fried ham and eggs, fried potatoes, bread and butter and coffee?"

"And turn my eggs over," I supplemented.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF TURRID.

"In a few minutes, Courceny, But my name is not Miss De Courceny, it is Miss Hanna."

"Ah, Miss Hannah? Hannah what, may I ask?" was Runge's bland response.

"Why, just Miss Hanna, or Miss Ellen Hanna, to be more precise."

"Oh, thanks. I was off, wasn't I?" said Runge apologetically, while the young lady looked at us with unfeigned curiosity, as though she thought we might both be very much "off."

In about 15 minutes our dinner appeared, but no sooner did I get my eyes on the eggs than I exclaimed:

"I thought I told Miss Ellen Hanna, the accomplished impresario of this refectory, that I wanted my eggs turned over."

"Beg pardon," said the young lady in waiting, with the look of a startled hare, and fled from the room. The next moment Miss Hanna came in and said, with much solicitude:

"What is the trouble, gentlemen?"

"I have a distinct and vivid recollection, Miss Hanna," I said with dignity, "that I told you I wanted my eggs turned over."

"I beg pardon. So you did, and I forgot it." In the twinkling of one of her own bright eyes (I'm going to send her a copy of this paper) she snatched up a clean knife and neatly chopped both those eggs upside down on the plate.

I have never been more astonished since 1862, when an Irish male reached over his forehead and kicked me in the snarl. I looked round at Runge for sympathy, but he was crouched up in his chair shedding tears of anguish in his napkin, while the two girls stood there like photographs of an earnest and innocent desire to please.

"Will that do?" said Miss Hanna, with the cautious air of one who has done the right thing.

"Yes," I said, gulping down my feelings. That will do. I never cared for fried eggs on Tuesday, anyhow."

"Oh, now I know something is wrong with those eggs, and you gentlemen are jollifying us because we have done something unlike the way it is done in America." There was a premonition of tears in her thrush-like voice that broke me all up.

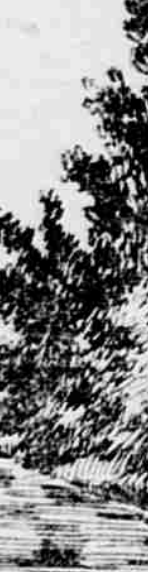
"No, indeed," I exclaimed, choking down a violent disposition to burst open. "You have one nothing at all wrong; only you don't exactly tuck it to the racket. That is not quite the usual way in which an egg is fried and garnished over beneath the Stars and Stripes; but our way is so new, novel, and effective that it has a startling revelation to me. An egg is usually said to be turned over when it is fried little on both sides."

"O, I didn't know. You shall have them just the way you want them."

In five minutes she brought back two fresh eggs, fried on both sides to the dryness of toast. I didn't eat them. I wrapped one up in be other, put an elastic band around them, and said I would take them home as an ancient relic of a black-oak chip.

"What queer things to carry all the way out to America," said Miss Hanna, in round-eyed wonder.

"I don't expect to find anything queerer," I replied, and finished my dinner.



CASTLE

When we got out of doors again the usual Irish imitation of Niagara Falls was going on, and Runge said:

"If we stay here until night we shall die of the blues."

"I got on the main line again at Limerick Junction, and started once more for Dublin; but a gentleman of the neighborhood in our compartment said:

"You gentlemen are never going by without seeing the Rock of Cashel."

"Certainly not," I replied. "Where does Mr. Cashel keep his rock?"

By our new friend's direction we got off at the Limerick Cross Station. Then our train friend developed into a most hospitable gentleman, Mr. James Calloran by name. He was a dealer in lumber and agricultural implements at the station. In 10 minutes he booked up his team and drove us at a lively gallop over the six miles to the old town and Rock of Cashel. The town so old that it has lost its history, though an Episcopal city and formerly the seat of the Kings of Munster.

Cashel is now in an advanced stage of decay, and would never be heard of but for the interesting ruins on the rock. The ruins of the old Cathedral are among the finest in Ireland. Here we said to have been one of the most interesting places of the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey, about which so many wonderful stories have been told.

The Cathedral was burnt in 1495 by the Earl of Kildare, because he had a quarrel with the Archbishop, and when he was called to account by the King, he apologized by saying:

"Your Highness, I would never have burned the Cathedral if I had known the Bishop was not inside."

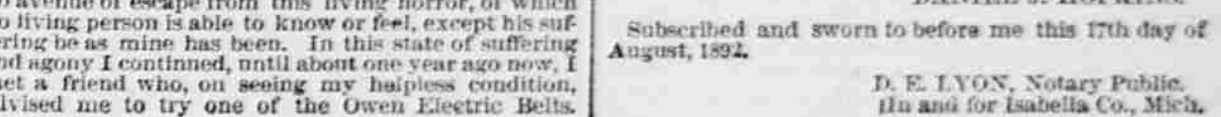
That brutal answer won for him the appointment of Lord Deputy for Ireland.

Besides the Cathedral there are on the rock, Cormac's Chapel, built in 1127; the Church Cathedral and Audience-Hall of the Bishop-King of Desmond; the fine ruins of the old palace of the Kings of Munster, with its famous round-tower 90 feet high.

The Gray or Hove Abbey, founded by David MacDonnell, Archbishop of Cashel in 1278, is a

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